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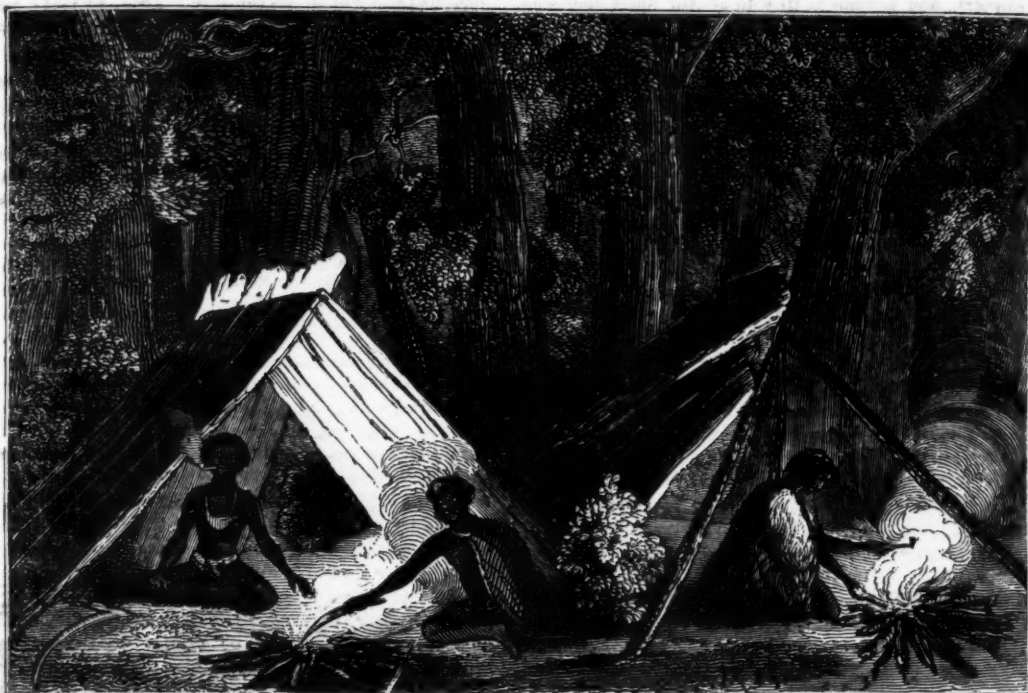
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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

SKETCHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES. VI.



NIGHT SCENE—THE GUNTAS, OR HUTS, OF THE NATIVES.

FROM what has been already said respecting the persons, clothing, and weapons of the Australian savages, we may be allowed to set them down as the most original and simple race of human beings in the South Seas. Compared with the New Zealanders, the Australian savages have been represented as imbecile, destitute, and wretched, but in my opinion they are neither; on the contrary, they are a contented and cheerful race of beings.

The New Zealanders, as far as regards physical power, and general symmetry of frame, are a much finer race than Europeans, but a more bold, fierce, and blood-thirsty race was perhaps never known. Their means and acquirements are certainly superior, but, at the same time, we must admit, that their savage propensities are much greater than those of the Australians. In their native forests the Australian savages wanted merely the necessaries of life, and Nature bountifully provided them. The pure air and genial warmth of their climate, render everything beyond the simplest clothing unnecessary; and the circumstance of the country not being infested with wild beasts which make man their prey, give them a feeling of security, whilst their simple weapons are sufficient for every requisite purpose. There is, moreover, a drollery and happy humour mixed up in the constitutional temperament of these blacks, which would prevent their minds

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from sinking into melancholy or despondency. The very limited degree of civilization which has yet been introduced, has hitherto, unhappily, been but a source of misery to them, of which truly the most frightful evidence is daily witnessed.

It is the habit of contrasting their deficiencies with the *advantages* which we *ourselves* possess, that has misled those who look so despairingly upon their condition. I of course mean the advantages of religion and education, by which the mind is cultivated and strengthened. Some feeble and ineffectual attempts, it is true, have been made to make them acquainted with our comforts, and, in short, to civilize them, but they have not been properly persevered in; and, above all, Christianity, and the blessings which follow in its train, have yet to be made known to these benighted beings. Various circumstances have happened which would lead us to imagine that they still feel an irresistible attachment to their savage mode of life, which to their minds, fully makes up for its disadvantages, but which will, of course, be overcome by the spread of civilization, and the light of Christian truth.

The writer knew an instance of a boy, named 'Charley,' who was taken from his mother when an infant, and allowed to remain under the protection of a gentleman in the interior, until he was fourteen years of age; being occasionally visited by his mother

and the tribe to which he belonged. He was taught to read and write, to keep himself clean, and make himself generally useful, nor did there appear any lack of intellect to impede his progress in learning, so that at the age of twelve he had acquired as much knowledge as is generally expected from Europeans of that age. He was moreover a remarkably good-tempered youth, full of life and fun, and consequently he became a general favourite; he would do anything that was desired of him, and at the same time would be aware of any imposition that was attempted to be practised upon him. His master took great interest in him, and began to hope that he should succeed in making him a civilized being. But how was his trouble rewarded, or his desire fulfilled? In another year, his shirt, jacket, and trousers were thrown aside, and the half-civilized Charles figured in the costume of a savage, and stated his intention of looking out for a wife. Numerous instances of a similar nature have occurred in the colony, but the services of these young blacks have been found so desirable, that, at the present time, almost all the settlers, in the more remote parts of the colony, have one or more of them living at their stations, whom they maintain and bring up for as long a time as they can persuade them to stay. No sooner, however, do they arrive at the age of maturity than they depart and join their tribe, without the slightest notice, and often to the great inconvenience and regret of the settler. It is true, they ever after consider themselves as belonging to the family or station, and never fail to call when in the neighbourhood. The generality of them are very trustworthy, and this is a grand point in their favour, as the same remark will not often apply to the servants of that country, who are, for the most part, prisoners of the crown.

The manners and customs of a tribe, collected together at night, when feasting, and reposing at their several *gunyas*, after the occupations of the day, are very amusing. It is difficult, however, to describe by words, or paint with sufficient spirit, the extraordinary scene produced by eighty or ninety blacks, men, women, and children, sitting before their fires at night, and surrounded by the darkness of the forest. The accompanying sketch represents the appearance of one of their rude *gunyas*, with three blacks encamped for the night.

Our tents were pitched in the district named Tarlo, a great part of which is covered with the "Stringy Bark Forest," described in a former paper, and having heard that a tribe of blacks was in the neighbourhood, another gentleman and myself determined upon paying them a visit at night. As soon, therefore, as the moon was fairly up, we started for the direction in which we had been informed they were encamped. All the tribe of the opossum and squirrel kind had come out of their holes to feed, (for they sleep by day,) and the chuckling, squeaking, and screeching noises they made, as we silently passed along, afforded us no small surprise and amusement. The flying squirrels, some all white, some black and white, with their expanded flaps, were diving from the extreme top of one tree to the trunk of another, and we could distinctly see them with their long fur tails lowering themselves in the air by the light of the moon. It was a strange and peculiar sight. We soon, however, came in view of the fires of the blacks, and we approached cautiously.

It may be proper to mention here, that the blacks have a peculiar liking for our dogs, which they procure from storekeepers and government-men, not so much for their use in hunting, as for their yelping when any one approaches their fires. As soon as we had

approached within hearing, a host of most miserable, lanky, half-starved curs rushed towards us, but they were soon recalled by the angry voices of their masters.

After dark, the blacks seldom leave their own *gunyas*, so that we went from one fire to another in order to observe the particular actions and employments of the several groups or families. The chief was sitting cross-legged between his two wives, and smoking a short black pipe. He was naked, with the exception of the belt around his waist; upon his neck he wore a chain, to which was attached a brass plate in the shape of a half-moon, on which was inscribed his name, &c., and he appeared, as the light of the fire was reflected upon him, a strong and muscular man. He had just finished his meal, and his two *gins* (or wives) were busily engaged in eating the fragments of opossums and Kangaroo rats, &c., every now and then poking out from the ashes small ground-nuts or yams. They occasionally gave a dog a slap with a stick, as he ventured his nose somewhat too near a bone, and then they would smile and chuckle at one another as the hungry animal slunk back disappointed. The heads of both of them were ornamented with the teeth of the kangaroo, and one wore a small bone through the cartilage of her nose, and also a necklace made of the yellow reed divided into small pieces. They were both young, but by no means good-looking, and were habited in their opossum cloaks.

The next *gunya* contained two young men, and one of these seemed to be employed with two double sets of strings, which by twisting and changing in a very intricate manner, he constantly drew out with the back parts of his hands into a variety of forms and shapes, such as diamonds, squares, and circles. It was astonishing with what celerity he managed to change the figures, and then hold them up to the observation of his companion. In other *gunyas* might be seen men and women of different ages, who were either smoking and chatting, or had fallen asleep; but wherever there were boys, infants, or adults, something appeared to be doing for the sake of amusement. I observed one man, in particular, who was engaging the attention of a child not more than two years old, by placing a leaf of a particular shape on the back of his left hand, and by striking it with his finger, the leaf would ascend perpendicularly to the height of fourteen or sixteen feet; then, descending by degrees, it made various circles, and the child endeavoured, with his little arms expanded, to catch the glittering object, to the great amusement of those around. Other children, who were all quite naked, were amused in various ways; some with little tomahawks, were pretending to be cutting and hacking, while others were digging the earth with sticks, in imitation of their mothers, in search of food. Two boys commenced quarrelling, and were making a noisy squabble, but they were soon silenced by the voice of the chief; and I observed some men who were more industriously employed in mending spears, scraping their boomerangs, &c., while others were humming a sort of song, and keeping time by striking two sticks together.

It is very singular, that the blacks (especially when they are away from the tribe), seldom or never fail to chant a song before they lie down to sleep; and when three or four of them are together, they all join in chorus, and keep good time. Their language in the *sound*, has often struck me as being like the Greek, and they have one song, which commences with words whose sounds I cannot express better than by the words *Hemin, Hemin, ya Baia Baia*; then come the words *Murrel, murrel Bangala, &c.*

They catch our language much sooner than we do

theirs; and though at first they make a strange confusion and misapplication of words, they are very soon able to express themselves, especially to make known their wants; so that, as we went from one gunya to another, we were saluted with *Goot morning*, *ebening*, and *night*, indiscriminately; and if one of them was asked "whether such a female was his mother?" the reply would probably be, *No; that my uncle*, or *brother*; and, on the contrary, when asked, *Is such a one your brother?* *No; that my sister*, &c. One of them, who, I was informed, had been to Sydney, was troubled with a cough, and being questioned, he said that he was "*murray* (very) *bad*," and that he believed it would *hang* him;" meaning, that it would choke him; and he then described an execution that he had witnessed. W. R. G.

REARING OF OAK-PLANTS IN GLASSES.

HALF from the living spring be fill'd,
A crystal vase, like those that yield,
To deck the polish'd female's room,
The hyacinth's precocious bloom.
The vessel's narrowing neck to guard,
Be fitted there a rounded card;
And thence, on slender packthread slung,
Or shred of brazen wire, be hung
The Oaktree's shell'd and kernel'd Corn,
Which, at the end inferior borne
Of that dependent line, around
The acorn's swelling body wound,
May dangle 'mid the crystal vase,
Above the water's limpid face:
Prompt to amuse the watchful eye,
And with strange sight diversify
The dulness of the wintry gloom;
And station'd, where the attemper'd room,
The accustom'd dwelling-place, may hold
Its trust secure from nipping cold.

Then, as the trickling vapour glides
About the vessel's moisten'd sides,
Soon from the tapering acorn's end
You'll mark the liquid drop depend.
Nor long, a few brief days between,
Cleaving its hard and shelly skreen
Will first peep out the expansive bud;
And through the narrow cleft protrude
All colourless the slender root,
Which downward, with elongate shoot,
Shall through the genial liquid pass;
And snakelike, 'mid the girdling glass
To right, to left, its fibres throw
Excursive o'er the pool below.

Anon with rival vigour, see
Ascend the rudimental tree,
Unfolded from the twin-born gem!
The twofold leaf at first; the stem
Diminutive, which upward tends,
And from each side progressive sends
Fresh leaves in pairs alternate spread:
Till, taller grown, the aspiring head
Its narrow house indignant spurns;
And for your friendly succour yearns,
To cut its penthouse roof away,
And bare it to the open day.

Now pierce the obstructing cope, and grant
Free passage to the aspiring plant,
Forth from his shallow hold to soar.
See by degrees, a foot and more
Releas'd the leafy top ascends;
And still, as on the shoot extends,
And onward, from the shelly sheath
Responds the fibrous root beneath;
Prepar'd when wintry frosts their hold
Have loosen'd on the harden'd mould,
To take his post abroad; to clasp
The soil with firm tenacious grasp
The tempest's furious force defy,
Lift his aspiring summit high,
Around his spreading branches throw,
And, shaken more, the firmer grow.

[*MAN'S British Months.*]

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE great principle of self-government consists in calling ourselves to account, both for what we know, and what we do, and for the discipline which we exercise over the processes of our minds. It consists in questioning ourselves rigidly what progress we are making in important acquirements,—what are the subjects which chiefly occupy our attention,—whether these are such as are really of adequate value, or whether, amid undue devotedness to some favourite pursuit, others of higher importance are overlooked and forgotten; or whether, under a habit of listless vacuity and inactivity of mind, we may be allowing the best of our days to creep on without eager attention to any solid acquirement at all. It consists in questioning ourselves in the same manner, what opinions we have formed, and upon what grounds we have formed them; whether they have been received from others without examining for ourselves, or after a slight and partial examination, directed, it may be, by some previously-formed prejudice,—or whether they have been deduced from a full and fair examination of all the facts which ought to be taken into the inquiry. It consists, finally, in scrutinizing our mental habits, our moral feelings, and our principles of action:—what are the subjects to which our thoughts are most habitually directed?—what the motives which chiefly influence our conduct?—what the great objects which we propose to ourselves in life?—what place among these have the principles of selfish indulgence, personal distinction, or mere human applause? and what place have those exalted principles which spring from a higher source, and rise to that elevation from which they sprang,—a spirit of devotedness to Him who made us, and views and feelings which point to an existence beyond the grave.—**ABERCROMBIE.**

EARLY RISING.

"I WISH you would wake me up to-morrow morning at five o'clock," said Charles. I did so effectually, and left him;—in an hour I returned to his room,—there he was fast asleep, the sun shining full on his face. The next day and the next day he made the same request, but I was tired of waking him. Every person who wishes to form a habit of rising early, should second the exertions of others by his own resolution. He should not lie a single moment after he is awakened, but jump out of bed instantly. The person, young or old, who springs up instantaneously after awaking, will awake the next morning a little earlier than before, and the next a little earlier still, and so on. In this way any individual may rise as early as he pleases. I have found no difficulty in waking when I please, that is, after a few days' trial; nor does it take long to form the habit when we are once resolute,—a strong will is equal to almost anything. It does not take so long to break up old habits, and form new ones, as indolent people affect to believe. If we are free, as God our Creator made us, we can very soon form any habits which we believe it to be our duty to perform, and custom will attach us to them, and make everything easy and natural, and even pleasurable.—?

THERE is no power in the wisdom of the insincere.—
Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd.

FRIENDSHIP is necessary to our happiness here: and built on Christian principles, upon which only it can stand, is a thing even of religious sanction;—for what is that love which the Holy Spirit, speaking by St. John, so much inculcates, but friendship? The only love which deserves the name; a love which can toil, and watch, and deny itself, and go to death for its brother. Worldly friendship is a poor weed, compared with this; and even this union of spirit in the bond of peace would suffer, in my mind at least, could I think it were only coeval with our earthly mansions.—**COWPER.**

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

No. II.

HAVING, in our former paper, referred to the apparent origin of the NEWSPAPER, we have to encounter an immense interregnum, before we can again trace the object of our inquiry. When it does again become visible, we find it on nearly the same soil as where it was first discoverable.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Republic of Venice, being engaged in an important war with the Turks, the expedient was resorted to of supplying the inhabitants of the city with occasional accounts of the naval and military operations of the Republic, by means of written sheets, which were deposited at particular places, where they were accessible to any one desirous of learning the news, upon the payment of a small piece of coin, called the *gazeta*,—a name which, by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself. A file of these written Venetian papers (which, as in the case of the *Acta Diurna*, were published under the immediate direction of the Government), of the earliest date of their publication, is still preserved in one of the public libraries of Florence; and some of the most ancient printed newspapers may be seen, in good preservation, at Venice.

The written *Gazeta*, at length, came to be published regularly, at intervals of a month apart; but such was the jealousy of the Venetian government, as to the further extension of political writings, that although the art of printing was becoming generally known (and, in its early days, was nowhere practised in greater perfection than in Venice), a printed newspaper was forbidden, and the Venetian *Gazeta* continued to be distributed in manuscript, at a period when printing had been invented upwards of a century! Upon the application, however, of that art to the Venetian newspaper, all Christendom became indebted to the Republic for political information,—a circumstance which will excite the less surprise, when we call to mind, that at the period under consideration, her ships traversed every known sea, and her maritime power gave her a prominent place in the list of nations. In BLOUNT'S *Glossographia* (published at the early part of the seventeenth century), the word "Gazette" is defined as "a certain Venetian coin, scarce worth one farthing; also a bill of news, or short relation of the general occurrences of the time, printed most commonly at Venice, and thence dispersed every month into most parts of Christendom."

The extension of this species of knowledge at length excited the jealousy of the Holy See; for, in the time of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, written newspapers having appeared in several cities in Italy, they were formally prohibited in that country, by a Papal bull issued by the above-named pontiff. Meanwhile, England had early followed the example of Venice, in giving to the public partial intelligence of the progress of affairs of great national importance. Queen Elizabeth's minister, "the wise and prudent Burleigh," projected, in 1588, a printed newspaper, which he called *The English Mercurie*, with the design of conveying correct information to the people, and to relieve them from the alarms caused by false reports, during the continuance of the renowned Spanish Armada in the English Channel. These, however, were nothing more than extraordinary gazettes, published from time to time, as that profound statesman judged needful, and less frequently as the danger abated.

But the appetite for news thus created, never sub-

sided in this country; and, within a few years, the metropolis had no lack of "Mercuries," "Corantos," "Gazettes," and "Diurnals." In August, 1622, a regular weekly newspaper was established in London, entitled *The Certain News of this Present Week*; and very shortly after, appeared the *Weekly Courant*, and several other journals. The breaking out of the Civil War between Charles the First and his Parliament, was an occasion of a large increase in political writings, and newspapers now became very numerous in England. The first mention we have of a *Provincial* newspaper is in 1639, in which year one was published by Robert Barker, at Newcastle, but does not appear to have been long continued. —

We must here interrupt our narrative of English newspapers, to mention the origin of journalism in France. A physician of Paris, named Renaudot, resorted to the novel expedient of collecting news to amuse his patients, and by acquiring considerable reputation as a news-collector, he greatly increased his practice. As, however, the seasons were not always sickly, he considered that he might turn his talents and his collected treasures to better account by supplying every week to his former patients some fugitive sheets, which should contain the news of various countries. He obtained an exclusive privilege for this in 1632, and thus established newspaper literature in France.

To return: the distractions which rent England at the time of the Great Rebellion, produced, as we have already remarked, a host of ephemeral party-writers, not only in matters of state, but also of religion. At that period, each party had its *Diurnals*, *Mercuries*, and other periodical publications; and even after the Royalist party had been disabled from longer wielding the sword against their successful antagonists, they continued to attack the usurper's government with the pen: nor could Cromwell put a stop to their effusions, although every expedient was resorted to to suppress them, and the vendors severely punished. We may here subjoin, as evidence of their boldness, a curious passage which occurs in one of the proscribed Royalist papers, called *The Man in the Moon*, bearing date the 4th of July, 1649, a few months only after Charles's martyrdom:

"A hott combat lately happened at the Salutation Taverne, in Holburne, where some of the Commonwealth vermin, called soldiers, had seized an Amazonian virago, named Mrs. Strospe, upon a suspicion of being a Loyalist, and selling *The Man in the Moon*; but she, by applying beaten pepper to their eyes, disarmed them, and (with their owne swordes) forced them to aske her forgiveness, and down on their mary-bones, and pledge a health to the King, and confusion to their masters, and so honourably dismissed them." "Oh!" [adds the loyal news-writer], "for 20,000 such gallant spirits, when you see that one woman can beat two or three."

At this period, a public news-writer was appointed by Cromwell,—one Marchmont Needham,—who was esteemed a clever controversialist. At the Restoration, this man was discharged by the Council of State from his post, and two others,—Giles Drury and Henry Muddiman, were appointed in his room. It was the duty of these individuals to publish two authorized newspapers in each week, under the title of the *Parliamentary Intelligencer*, and *Mercurius Publicus*. These were continued till August, 1663, when the noted Roger L'Estrange obtained the appointment of sole patentee for the publication of intelligence; and he continued the two publications above alluded to, under the titles of the *Intelligencer* and *The News*, until the close of 1665; when, on the 7th of Novem-

ber in that year*, a regular official *Gazette* was published at Oxford, and has been continued, under the name of the *London Gazette*, to the present time.

* A *Gazette* was first published at Oxford, August 22, 1642, under the authority of Charles the First, but its publication was soon interrupted.

[To be Continued.]

JUGGLERS.

In the *Mercur de France**, there is a very curious account of experiments made at Naples to discover the means by which Jugglers have appeared to be incombustible. They seem to be completely discovered, and chiefly to consist, first, in gradually habituating the skin, the mouth, throat, and stomach, to great degrees of heat; second, in rubbing the skin with hard soap, and in covering the tongue with hard soap, and over that with a layer of powdered sugar. By these means, the professor at Naples is enabled to walk over burning coals, to take into his mouth boiling oil, and to wash his hands in melted lead. The miracles of several saints, the numerous escapes from the fiery ordeal, and the tricks now played by the Hindoo Jugglers, are thus perfectly explained, and all these prodigies may be performed in a fortnight by any apothecary's apprentice.—*Life of Sir James Mackintosh.*

* No further reference is given than that the part read was May to September, 1809.—Transcriber.

To sow in the temperate zone and reap beyond the tropics, is a somewhat singular thing, yet is constantly done; for the great East India ships, in imitation of the Dutch, who first introduced the practice, have small gardens in wooden boxes on their sterns, where the seed, acted upon by a heat increasing daily, shoots in a surprisingly rapid manner. In these the number of crops in a year are more numerous than in any spot on earth, for the gardeners, if so minded, can command almost any temperature.

THE HOT SUMMER.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon-day with its blistering breath
Pervades, and day dies, still as death.
The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that dances now;
The cricket on the banks is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum.
Hawkweed and groundsel's fanning downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns,
And in the over heated air,
Not one light thing is floating there;
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest,
On pillowed clouds of many hues;
Then nature's voice its joy renews,
And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their Summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine;
As welcome to day's feeble powers,
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

THE shepherd that bragged to the traveller who asked him what weather it was like to be, that it should be what weather pleased him, and made it good by saying, that it should be what weather pleased God, and what pleased God should please him, said an excellent thing in rude language, and knew enough to make him the happiest person in the world, if he made a right use of it.—*COURTENAY'S Life of Sir William Temple.*

THE USES OF LEARNING.

LEARNING, imperfect as it is, may contribute to many great and noble ends, and may be called in to the assistance of Religion, as it is often perversely employed against it; it is of use to display the greatness, and vindicate the justice of the Almighty; to explain the difficulties and enforce the proofs of Religion. And the small advances that can be made in science, are of themselves some proof of a future state, since they show that God, who can be supposed to make nothing in vain, has given us faculties evidently superior to the business of this present world. And this is perhaps one reason, why our intellectual powers are in this life of so great extent as they are. But how little reason have we to boast of our knowledge, when we only gaze and wonder at the surfaces of things! when the most arrogant philosopher knows not how a grain of corn is generated, or why a stone falls to the ground! But were our knowledge far greater than it is, let us yet remember that goodness, not knowledge, is the happiness of man! The day will come, it will come quickly, when it shall profit us more to have subdued one proud thought, than to have numbered the host of Heaven.—*DR. JOHNSON.*

OUR CATHEDRALS.

FOR my part, I am old-fashioned enough to prefer God's sanctuary to a room, and the prayers of the Church to any of recent date. They chime in with our everlasting sympathies. I love, too, with special love, an old cathedral: all its inspirations are heavenly; I seem to tread on holy ground,—“the pillared arches over my head, and beneath my feet the bones of the dead.” I love its “long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults;” its clusters of arches, so like the sacred grove in the Jewish temple, and whose forms the art of man has haply borrowed from the sylvan beauties of nature. I love the subdued mellow light which streams through painted glass, where angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, and saints and martyrs, and holy men of yore, are emblazoned in bright array.

I love to worship when and where my fathers worshipped; and to feel that every scroll, every stone, every relic of bygone days, is the outward and visible emblem of the faith once delivered to the saints, perpetuated in the Church, and through her ordained ministers appointed to be preached until time itself shall be no more. Bishop after bishop, priest after priest, lie buried in this cathedral*; since the earliest among them had knelt, and prayed, and blessed his flock, on the very spot, perhaps, where I then stood, I knew that a thousand years had become as one day: but the same everlasting Gospel which they preached was in my hand; the same prayers, the same songs of praise rose up on high; and glory was ascribed to the same Tri-une Jehovah, “as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.” The same apostolical exclamation, with which the Book of Life closes, sealed our assent to the same things,—nothing added, nothing taken away. But how did that word resound in my ears? Not in the unmeaning lifeless form which modern innovation has substituted for ancient practice: it rose and fell in accents loud, solemn, and universal; accents which every voice might have responded to, every ear heard, and every heart felt to its inmost core, throughout that immense edifice.—*Unpublished Journal of a Tour in Ireland.*

* Christ-Church Cathedral, Dublin

THE TOWN OF BOULOGNE, IN FRANCE.

THE French town of Boulogne, or Boulogne-sur-Mer, that is to say, Boulogne-upon-the-Sea, as it is often called, for the purpose of distinguishing it from other places of the same name, is situated upon the northern coast of France, about ten miles to the south of the Cap de Gris Nez, or the promontory formed by the sudden turn to the southward, which the French coast takes at a short distance to the west of Calais. Under the ancient division of France, it was the capital of the Boulonnois, a small district in the province of Picardy: at present it is comprised within the department known by the name of the Pas-de-Calais, or Strait of Calais. It is composed of two distinct portions, called the Upper and the Lower town, which are connected by a long steep street. The latter is in a level plain close upon the sea, and is washed by the little river Lianne; the former stands on a neighbouring hill about a quarter of a mile from that stream.

That Boulogne is a place of great antiquity is undoubted; it was known to the Romans by the name of *Gesoriacum*, by which it is mentioned in the writings of a geographer who flourished during the earlier half of the first century. It was then comprised within the territory of the Morini,—“the most remote of men,”—as Virgil styles them,—who submitted to Julius Cæsar, when he held the command in Gaul; and there was nothing on the coast of the Belgic division of that country better known than its harbour. It is supposed to have existed before the time of the Romans, and to have been of Gallic origin; soon after their arrival, it became the principal port through which they maintained their communications with Britain. Indeed, some have identified it with the famous *Portus Itius*, from which Julius Cæsar sailed on his expeditions for the invasion of our country, and from which, he himself tells us, “was the most convenient passage to Britain, of about thirty miles;” but others, and among them the antiquary Camden and the geographer D’Anville, think that the small town of Witsand or Wissan, to the south of *Gesoriacum*, better answers the description.

It was on the sea-shore at *Gesoriacum* that the Emperor Caligula displayed his childish vanity, when, having assembled an army for the pretended conquest of Britain, he drew out his troops and arranged his engines of war as if for the immediate attack of an enemy, and then suddenly ordered his men to gather up the shells upon the beach, and fill their helmets and their vests with them, saying that they were “the spoils of the ocean, due to the Capitol and the Palatium.” It was here, too, that “in token of victory,” as his biographer tells us, “he raised a very lofty tower, from which, as from a Pharos, lights shone out to guide the courses of ships in the night;” this became a remarkable monument in after-ages. When Caligula’s uncle and successor, Claudius Cæsar, carried the Roman arms into Britain, for the first time since the days of Julius Cæsar, he embarked at *Gesoriacum*, having previously escaped from shipwreck twice, in endeavouring to make the passage by sea from Italy. Towards the close of the third century, when the ravages committed by the Franks in the provinces adjacent to the ocean called for an exertion of naval strength on the part of the empire, *Gesoriacum* was chosen for the station of the Roman fleet; and the command of it intrusted to Carausius, a Belgian of low birth, but who had long signalized his skill as a pilot, and his valour as a soldier. The integrity of the new admiral did not, however, correspond with his abilities; for it is said that when

the German pirates sailed from their own harbours, he connived at their passage, but that he diligently intercepted them on their return, and appropriated to his own use an ample share of the spoil which they had acquired. The wealth of Carausius was considered as an evidence of his guilt; and Maximian, whom Diocletian had associated with himself in the cares and dignity of the government, gave orders for his death. But the crafty Belgian had foreseen the severity of the Emperor, and he contrived to elude his punishment. His riches had enabled him to be liberal, and by his liberality he had attached to his fortunes the fleet which he commanded, and secured the barbarians in his interest. From the port of *Gesoriacum* he sailed over to Britain, persuaded the legion and the auxiliaries which guarded the island, to embrace his party, and “boldly assuming, with the imperial purple, the title of Augustus, defied the justice and the arms of his injured sovereign.”

The British Emperor Carausius maintained his authority as an independent monarch in the province which he had usurped for the space of seven years; and during the greater part of that time he preserved possession of *Gesoriacum* and the adjacent country. “His fleets rode triumphant in the channel, commanded the mouths of the Seine and of the Rhine, ravaged the coasts of the ocean, and diffused beyond the columns of Hercules the terror of his name. Under his command, Britain, destined in a future age to obtain the empire of the sea, already assumed its natural and respectable station of a maritime power.” By seizing the fleet of *Gesoriacum*, he had deprived his master of the means of pursuit and revenge; but when the Cæsar Constantius Chlorus had been admitted by Maximian to a share of the imperial power, he quickly took measures for reducing the usurper to obedience. His first enterprise was against *Gesoriacum*; the town was blockaded, and a stupendous mole, raised across the entrance of the harbour, intercepted all hopes of relief. The place surrendered after an obstinate defence, and a considerable part of the naval strength of Carausius fell into the hands of the besiegers.

Not long after this event, the name of *Bononia* was substituted for that of *Gesoriacum*. The common supposition is, that the change took place about the time of Constantine the Great, the son of Constantius Chlorus, whom we have mentioned above. To the appellation *Bononia*, was often added the epithet of *Oceanensis*, or “maritime,” for the purpose of distinguishing this town from the Italian *Bononia*,—now called Bologna. In the year 463, we read of an Earl of Boulogne who ruled over a considerable tract of territory adjacent to the town. In 881, the Northmen, who had ravaged Flanders and the sea-coast of Picardy, laid siege to Boulogne, and having entirely razed its ancient walls, which from their exceeding height had occasioned the town to be sometimes called *Haut-mur* or *Hault-mur*, massacred great part of its inhabitants without distinction of age or sex. From the date of that melancholy catastrophe, until 1227, it was in a great measure abandoned; but in that year, Philip Earl of Boulogne, uncle to King Louis the Eleventh, restored its walls, divided the upper from the lower town, and strengthened the former by the erection of a castle upon its eastern side, and also of a well-fortified tower at a little distance from it. Provision being thus made for their security against future assaults, the inhabitants were sanguine in their hopes of seeing their town flourish once more; but Philip disappointed their expectations by displaying a preference for Calais, which he fortified with care, cleansing and deepening

its harbour, erecting a strong castle for its defence, making it the place of his continual residence; and, in short, affording every possible encouragement for its increase and prosperity as a maritime and commercial town.

The capture of Calais by the English, in 1347, restored Boulogne to its former importance; it then became the frontier-town of the French territories, and the only fortress which could cover Picardy from the incursions of the English, on the side next to Calais. On this account, its fortifications were considerably enlarged and strengthened by King Charles the Sixth; a numerous garrison was generally kept there, and its harbour being much resorted to, the town soon grew rich and flourishing. The English garrison at Calais made frequent sallies into its neighbourhood, and in the year 1488 our King Henry the Seventh attacked it with a powerful army; but he raised the siege before anything decisive had been accomplished, there having been peace in the meanwhile concluded between him and the French monarch. Henry was a prince much more desirous of amassing treasure than of subduing provinces; he seems never to have seriously meditated a rupture with France, but to have been driven by the force of public opinion to prepare for it. He returned home "with coffers amply filled, but amid the murmurs of the soldiers, and the general dissatisfaction of the nation," with whom a war against France on almost any pretext never failed in these early times to be highly popular. The feelings of the troops, disappointed in their hopes of plunder, were not entitled to much respect; but they gave Henry some trouble, as Holinshed tells us, and were not appeased without exertion.

Whilst the commissioners (to use the words of that chronicler) were communing of peace on the marches of France, the King of England was arrived at Calis: from whence after all things were prepared for such a journee he removed in four battels forward, till he came neere to the towne of Bullogne, and there pitched his tents before it in a convenient place for his purpose, meaning to assaile the towne with his whole force and puissance.

In this intention, however, Henry did not persist;

For there was such a strong garrison of warlike souldiers within that fortress, and such plentie of artillerie and necessarie munitions of warre that the losse of Englishmen assaulting the towne (as was doubted) should be greater to the realme of England than the gaining thereof should be profit. Howbeit, the dailie shot of the king's battering peeces brake the wals and sore defaced them. But when everie man was readie to give the assault, a sudden rumor rose in the armie that peace was concluded; which brute, as it was pleasant to the Frenchmen so was it displeasing to the Englishmen, because they were prest and readie at all times to set on their enemies, and brought into great hope to have bene enriched by the spoil and gaine to have fallen to their lots of their enemies' goods, beside the glorious fame of renowned victorie. And therefore to be defrauded hereof by an unprofitable peace, they were in great fume and verie angrie; and namelie, for that diverse of the captains to set themselves and their bands the more gorgeously forward, had borrowed large summes of monie, and for the repaiment had morgaged their lands and possessions, and some happilie had made thorough sale thereof, trusting to recover all againe by the gaines of their journee. Wherefore, offended with this sudden conclusion of peace, they spake evill both of the king and his counsell. But the king like a wise prince asswaged their displeasure in part with excusing the matter, alleaging what losse and bloodshed was like to issue, both of captains and souldiers, if the assault should have bene given to the utterance, especiallie sith the town was so well furnished with men and munitions. When he had somewhat appeased their minds with these and manie other reasons, he returned backe againe to Calis.

Boulogne continued to be an object of desire to the English, and when Henry the Eighth joined with

the Emperor in hostilities against the French King, Francis the First, his first attempt was upon this town. He sent an army across the seas under the conduct of the Duke of Suffolk, and himself followed soon afterwards, sailing to Calais on the 14th of July, 1544, in a ship whose sails were made of cloth of gold, "as if finery was to give victory," to quote the expression of Mr. Sharon Turner. On the 26th of July he was present at the siege, personally superintending the conduct of it, and on the 14th of September in the same year it surrendered to him, as the French say, through the cowardice of the governor.

There is extant a fragment of a letter, written during the continuance of this siege, by Henry to his last queen, Catherine Parr; the rest of the epistle was accidentally burnt many years ago, though not until after the whole had been published.

The cause (says the king) why we have been deteyned here so long, your said servant hath been upon hope to have sent you by him good newes of the takynge of the towne, which, no doubt, he sholde have done, by the grace of God, before this time, but that our provision of powder is not come out of Flanders as we thought it wolde; within two or three dayes we look for it here, and then shortly after we trust to write unto you sum good newes; and yet, in the mean season, we have doome somewhat of importance; for we have woone, and that without any losse of men, the strongest part of the towne, which is the braye of the castell; such a place, and of such strength, as nowe that we have it in our hands, we thinke foure hundred of our men within it, shall be able to keep it against foure thousand of our enemies, and yet it is much weker to the castell side thenne it was outward to us.

The last seventeen lines of this letter were written by the king's own hand.

At the closynge upp of these our letters, the bysyzing of the castell aforementioned, with the dike, is at our commandement, and not like to be recovert by the Frenchmen agayne as we trust, not doughting, with God's grace, but that the castell and towne will shortly follow the same trade; for, as this daye, which is the eighth day of September, we begin thre bateryse, and have three mynys going beside, one which hath doone his execution in shakyng and teryng off one of their greatest bulwarkes. No more to you at this tyme, sweethearte, both for lacke of tyme and great occupation of bysiness, sayvng we pray you to give, in our name, oure heartie blessinges to all oure childrene, and recommendations to our cousin Margett and the rest of the ladys and gentelwomen, and to our counsaill. Written with the hand of your lovyng husbande, Henry R.

"The king's taking the trouble to write this, its recollections, and the kind style," says Mr. Sharon Turner, "are not the acts of a stern tyrant. The expression 'all our children,' which manifestly alludes to Elizabeth, as without her the phrase would have been 'both,' favours Thevet's report of his relenting sentiments towards Anne Boleyn."

On a tour into Kent, I visited the ancient family mansion of Hardres, near Canterbury, and, among a variety of relics which were shown to me as an attestation of its departed splendour, I was particularly delighted with the sight of a warlike trophy, which the founder of the family, Sir William Hardres, received from Henry the Eighth, as an honorary gratuity for his valour at the siege of Boulogne. It was one of the gates of that town, composed of wood, with transverse braces, well studded with iron nails, and a small wicket-door connected to it. When I saw it, it stood in the coach-house, by the side of the tattered remains of the body of a very old family-coach. The period of this visit was at the critical time when all the old and original furniture, consisting of pictures, chairs, bedsteads, books, &c., were parcelled out for an auction,—the *gate of Boulogne* was also to be included in the sale, but by whom it was purchased, or where it is deposited, I am now left to find out.

The writer then suggests the probability that the common sign of the *Bull and Gate* is a corruption of the *Boulogne Gate*, which, as the trophy of an

English victory, may have been thus popularly commemorated; and, on the same principle, he identifies the *Bull and Mouth* with *Boulogne Mouth*, or the entrance into the harbour of Boulogne, just as antiquaries have identified the modern *Bag of Nails* with a group of ancient *Bacchanals*.

Boulogne was not restored to France until 1550, when its cession formed an article of the treaty concluded between our Edward the Sixth and the French monarch, Henry the Second. Soon afterwards the lower town was surrounded by walls, and the upper town strengthened by towers and other works; but these were nearly all demolished in 1687. The history of Boulogne from that period down to the commencement of the present century, is destitute of any interest, but at the latter period it rose into importance from having been made the rendezvous of the grand army with which Buonaparte announced his intention of invading England. The flotilla which he had assembled in the port was twice attacked; once by Nelson, in 1801, and again in 1804, by Admiral Keith, but on neither occasion with much success.

Since the return of peace, Boulogne has greatly increased and improved; it has become a place of frequent resort to our countrymen, and has indeed been adopted as a permanent residence by many English families. The *Haute Ville*, or Upper Town, is the most ancient part of it; it contains the Town Hall, (of which and its tower our Engraving gives a view, as well as of the Market-place,) the Castle, the Hall of Justice, and the Church of St. Nicholas. The lower town, or *Basse Ville*, is the more populous; it is principally inhabited by merchants and those connected with the trade of Boulogne. The present harbour is very inconvenient and difficult of access, and the much greater advantages which the Roman town of Gesoriacum is said to have enjoyed in that respect, have been explained by the supposition that the sea formerly flowed much further than it now does,—indeed that it washed the side of the hill on which the Haute Ville stands. This supposition has been confirmed by the discovery, at the close of the last century, of a ring to which the cables of ships were attached, and which was found in a rock, forming the bottom of a cave.



TOWN-HALL AND TOCSIN-TOWER, UPPER TOWN, BOULOGNE.